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When the Sun Goes Low and other verses

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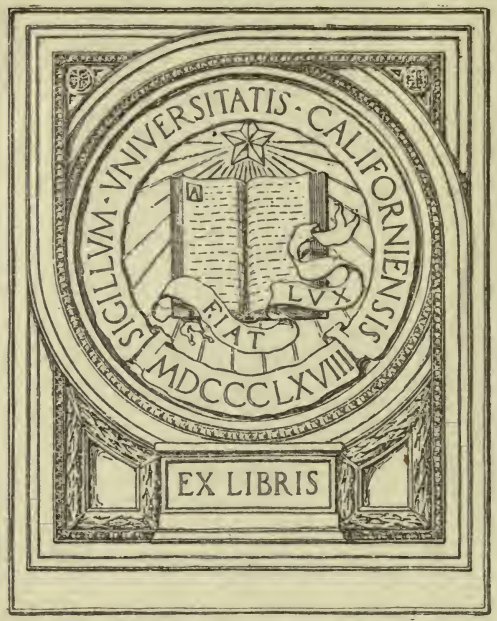

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When the Sun Goes Low and other verses

985

by

Nelle de Luce Strong

ΣLos Angeles
1923

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by
Nelle de Luce Strong

Gift

Published by
A. K. Tate + Co

To
My Mother

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When the Sun Goes Low

THE lotus knows when the sun goes low—
It is bending its beautiful head—
Its petals are closed for the long still night,
And I know that its prayers are said.

The birds all know when the sun goes low—
They are chirping their last good-nights—
They are cuddling down in their leafy beds,
With the stars overhead for their lights.

The crickets know when the sun goes low—
They are waking up from their sleep—
For they sleep in the day when the birds are at play,
And they play in the dark and the deep.

So nature has, as its plan for the world,
A most wonderful system that's best—
It carries all through as it plans to do
When the sun goes low in the West.

The Butterfly

"NOW do you do?" the little girl said
To a pretty butterfly,
"I thought I would like to talk to you,"
As it went flying by—

The butterfly lowered its tiny head;
A tear came to its eye,
And in a silvery voice it said,
(As if it were going to cry—)

"I didn't put on my pretty fresh dress—
As I was told to do;
Now I am sorry because this is soiled
And torn in some places too."

"O, I think that is a beautiful dress,"
—The girlie had much more to say—
"Do you?" the butterfly quickly replied,
And then he flew up and away.

The Middle

IN the middle of the flower
There's a little sack of gold
That is filled with choicest honey,
In the middle, I am told.

In the middle of the star
There's a little twinkle-light
That grows brighter every hour
Toward the middle of the night.

In the middle of the sea-shell
Are voices low and clear,
From the middle of the ocean
To the middle of your ear.

In the middle of the doughnut
There's a hole so big that you
Can put your hand up to the middle
Or let it go quite through.

In the middle of the garden
Just beneath the rose hedge row
(You may see it in the morning
If you go there on tip-toe;)

Is a place just filled with fairies
In the middle of their play—
They will scatter all about you
Toward the middle of the day.

In the middle of the middle
Is the middle just the same;
Take the middle from the middle
And the Middle is its name.

Baby's Dream*

"By-O Baby Bunting"
Little dreamy eyes are closing—

AND now he sees big Papa Bear!
Where's "Goldy-Locks" with curly hair?
Snugly tucked in cubbie's bed,
Gently tossing her dainty head!

It's not Goldy-Locks at all—
It's Cinderella from the ball,
Sleeping in a pumpkin shell,
As if it suits her very well.

Red Riding Hood is running fast,
She's reached Jack's beanstalk now at last,—
She's climbing up into the air,
No wolf can reach her way up there.

The wolf now turns about to see
If he can find a bigger tree—
But finding none, he jumps on high,
Over the moon up in the sky.

When Jack and Jill fell down the hill,
They let their pail of water spill,
On lovely dame of Banbury-Cross,
Riding on her prancing horse.

How does Mary's garden grow?
She is using rake and hoe—
Here a spider finds his way,
From Miss Moffit's breakfast tray.

When the sun began to rise,
Waking up the sleeping eyes,
Then the Baby saw the wall—
Just the same—not changed at all.

*From New Mother-Goose Wall Pictures in his nursery.

A Little Wolf's Thoughts About a House

OH! What is that great thing I see over there?
See how it's breathing, right up in the air,—
What a funny place for its nose to be—
On the top of its head for all I can see!

See how it opens its big mouth so wide,
I'm sure I can see some big teeth way inside.
It's flashing its eyes right into the sun;
I think I will go b'fore I'm too scared to run.

I see some people quite close—Oh, to think!
I'm sure it will eat them all up in a wink;
It's ready to spring to the top of the tree—
Oh, what in the world can that creature be?

Santa Claus

DOES everyone know
When he hears the cock crow
That Santa Claus's coming soon?
Hear the bells of his sleigh—
His voice crying "Heigh"—
All by the light of the moon.

But then you must be
Fast asleep, or else he
Will not find his way to your room.
He's careful to go
After "Sand Man", you know,
And Mother Goose riding her broom.

Little Pin-Runaway

OU'VE often heard what people say:
"Pins have a very funny way
Of taking feet to run away!"

Now this I know to be most true—
I saw it and I'll tell it you,
If you won't tell to anyone,
Because I'm 'fraid they might make fun!

I saw a little cute round thing,
And on each side I saw a wing,
So he could fly around, you see,
As well as walk demurely.

(When I said "walk" of course you know
Fairies have feet with which to go
Around just like the rest of us—
But faster than the best of us.)

His name could be no other way
Than little cute "Pin-runaway,"
He makes his home just everywhere,
He's flying here and running there.

You see, he wants to be on hand
To pick up pins in all the land.
He gets them here, he gets them there,
He gets them, oh, just anywhere.

Now I'm sure you want to know
Where these pins he's getting go—
That's a secret all his own
For it's never yet been known.

Two Friends

BOTH of them are big and strong—
They play together the whole day long;
They share with each the other's things—
What one to one to the other brings.
And this is how they came to be
Such loving friends: One day, you see,
The bigger one—(this was long ago
Before they loved each other so)—
The bigger one ran far away,
And then his home was in dismay,
Lest he should not come back. He came,
But he was not quite just the same;
He didn't seem quite happy, and
He couldn't make us understand.
The next day, though we tried to be
So very nice to him, yet he
Ran far away again, and then
We tried to think of some way when
He should come back we'd keep him home,
So that he wouldn't want to roam.

When he came back he brought with him
His friend, so poor and weak and thin,
And asked us just the best he could
If we would please to give him food,
And maybe would we let him stay
To be with him for every day.
And this is how they both are here,
And both to us are very dear.
Their names are Bobby—he's the one that bro't
The other doggie home—and Victor.
Now you know them well—
It's true, this little tale I tell.

In the Oak Tree

A MOCKING bird sat in the big oak tree,
He sat there and looked around—
He seemed as happy as he could be,
But he did not utter a sound.

It was a morning of Paradise,
Late in the fall of the year;
The leaves were green, the sun shone bright,
The air was warm and clear.

The mocking bird still is sitting there—
He's looking all around;
You see his joy in his very air,
But he has not uttered a sound.

Now I hear him begin to sing;
His heart is so full that he
Must give to the world what he's taken in,
And let the full harmony be.

The linnets are singing with glee all the time,
They don't seem to stop to reflect,
But, King of the bird realm, the oak tree's thy throne,
Thy dues—honor, homage, respect.

The Vagabonds*

THE men are dining 'neath a tree—
Below a starry sky;
They are alone—both gay and free—
I linger as I pass them by.

Their conversation bold and true
Is given in such a way—
The words I hear are all too few—
I would know what they say.

One then breaks in to tell the tale
He feels he must impart.
The others hear and then grow pale,
He holds them with his unlearned art.

One moves—the spell is off them now,
They will not listen more—
Each one in turn begins a row,
But he talks on as he did before.

Those with the deepest voices speak,
To drown his voice by theirs—
Tho' he keeps on—his voice is weak
As his to theirs compares.

No one is able to prevent
His tale from being told—
The shrill ones squeak, their tones all bent
To stop him all too bold.

When suddenly a wagon comes
That takes them all to jail—
But all undaunted he becomes—
He finishes his tale!

*Based on Symphonic Poem—Chadwick.

The Soldier Boy's Morning Song

OUR Country's called us boys to arms,—
We're now its fighting force;
We'll care not how the en'my harms,
Nor count a single loss—

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

We'll say each morning as we wake,—
(Another day to win)
We'll all but honor now forsake
To join the battle din—

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

We'd fight all night to do the right
(On borrowed strength, maybe)
And hail the dawn's first ray of light
With hearts that hold us free—

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

When honor's won the righteous day—
And now we're turning home,
We know what each dear one will say,
'Twill be to all, "Well Done!"

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

Ole Mammy's Soliloquy

WHAT'S dis yer wah-fussin all about!
Peers like ders sutthin dats wrong—
De air am full o' wah-talk,
Wah-doin's all day long.

De pickininnies e'bn in line
Am toein' ter de drum—
I'se shore dere marchin fo' dere lives
An mebbe Kingdom come.

Ain't we got our freedom!
Who else is der ter free?
Der may be white folks slavin'
Somewhar beyant de sea!

Ah nebber done believe in wah
Nor killin' yer feller-min,
But whar ders wrong an' 'pression
What kin yer do—what kin!

Ah reckon ah'll buy a Lib'ty bond—
Ah don know who its foah
But sounds ter me its mighty good—
Ah 'member befo' our wah.

Ef dars a peoples got ter have
Der freedom given 'em
Ah'm prayin' now wit' a' mah soul
Ah'm prayin' ter heav'n—"Amen"—

To a Mocking Bird

MOCKING bird—why do you sing at night,
When the moon is high and shining bright?

You're singing, you're singing the sweetest of songs
As if conscious your note to all beauty belongs.

The air is so soft and fresh and pure,
The trees seem so green, the sky azure—

Is that why you sing—way up in the tree?
You beautiful bird—heard only by me?

I Wonder Why

I wonder why "Yellow" took for its own
The poppy of the California field—
And why the Sun-color tinted the orange with its hue—
And why it chose the marigold to richen the garden with its brightness.

I wonder why the sun is round—the marigold is round; the poppy and the orange!

I wonder why yellow is the color of gold.

You see it in the sunsets of the West;

You see it in the sky at dawn.

The Sun's descending path has the name of "Yellow" in the "Golden Gate."

"The Golden Rule" seems to bear the name of "Yellow" and light.

I think "Yellow" must symbolize the hues of heaven.

Eternity is symbolized by something round.

It has no beginning and no end!

The Procession of the Coming of the Lotus

FIRST come the little leaves on the surface of the water—
Then the taller ones to see those who have gathered to the welcome—
Then many butterflies, and dragon flies,
Accompanied by the music of the song of birds;
These form the pageant of the coming of the Lotus.

Following these are the large leaves, tossed by the summer breezes—
Reflecting the brilliance of the sun, like shields with armor—
Next come the long green spears—borne by those mindful of the place they hold in the procession—
For they are followed by the Lotus Bloom—calm, radiant, glorious—
Lifting its head high with the dignity and poise of perfect beauty.

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